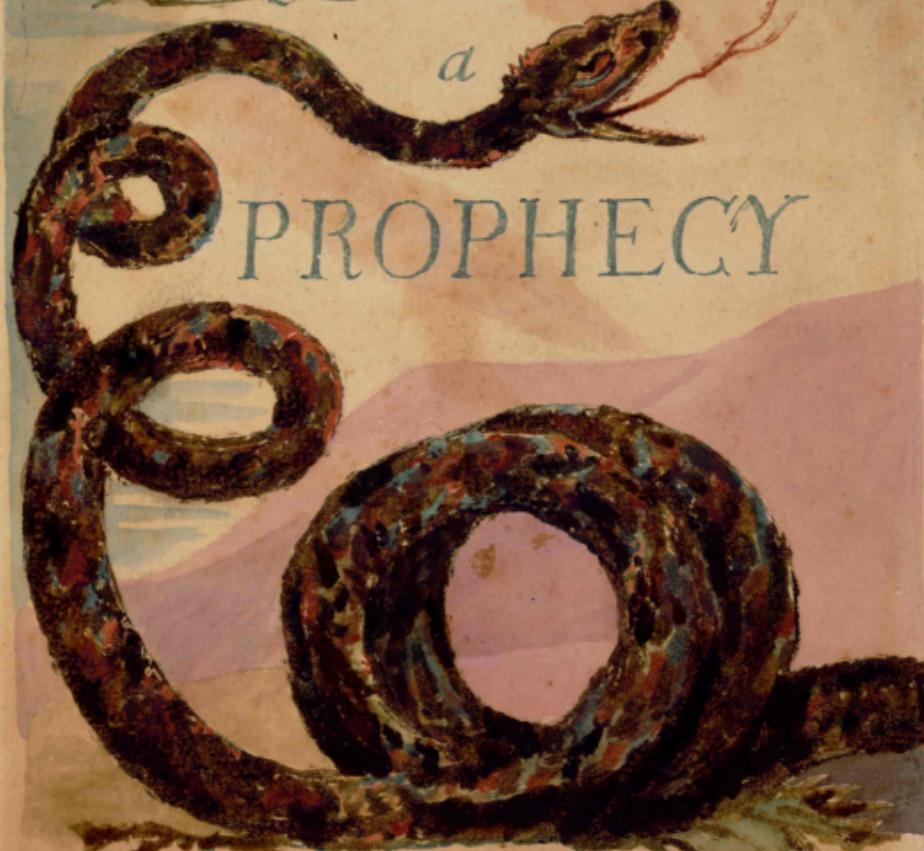




EUROPE

a

PROPHECY



LAMBETH

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PRELUDIUM



The nameless shadowy female rose from out the breast of Orc:
Her smoky hair brandishing in the winds of Enitharmon;
And thus her voice arose.

O mother Enitharmon, wilt thou bring forth other sons?
To cause my name to vanish, that my place may not be found.
For I am roant with travel,
Like the dark cloud disturbed in the day of dismal thunder.

My roots are brandish'd in the heavens, my fruits in earth beneath.
Surge, frown, and labour into life, first born & first consumed!
Consumed and consuming!
Then why shouldst thou accursed mother bring me into life?

I wrap my turban of thick clouds around my laboring head:
And fold the sheety waters as a mantle round my limbs.
Yet the red sun and moon,
And all the overflowing stars rain down prolific pains.

Unwilling I look up to heaven; unwilling count the stars;
Stand in fathoms deep of my immortal shrine.
I see their burning power
And bring forth horning terrors, all devouring fiery kings.

Devouring & devoured rearing on dark and desolate mountains
In forests of eternal death, shrieking in hollow trees.
Ah mother Enitharmon!

Stamp not with solid form this vigorous progeny of fires.

I bring forth from my teeming bosom myriads of flames,
And thou dost stamp them with a signet, then they scatter abroad
And leave me void as death:
Ah! I am drowned in shady we, and visionary joy.

And who shall bind the infinite with an eternal band?
To compass it with smothering borders, and who shall cherish it
With milk and honey?
I see it smile & I roll onward, & my voice is past.

The east & roll'd her shady clouds
into the secret place.



PROPHECY

The deep of winter came,
What time the secret child
Descended thro' the orient gates of the eternal day:
War ceased, & all the troops like shadows fled
to their abodes.



Then Enitharmon saw her sons & daughters rise around.
Like pearly clouds they meet together in the crystal house:
And Læst, palseisor of the moon, joyd in the peaceful night:
Thus speaking while his numerous sens shook their bright fiery wings.

Again the night is come
That strong Urthona takes his rest.
And Urien unloos'd from chains
Glowes like a meteor in the distant north
Stretch forth your hands and strike the elemental strings:
Awake the Thunders of the deep,

The shrill winds wake !
Till all the sons of Urizon, look out, and envy Los : -
Seize all the spirits of Ide and bind
Their warbling los to our loud strings.
Bird, all the nourishing sweets of earth
To give us bliss, that we may drink the sparkling wine of Los
And let us laugh at war.
Despising toil and care.
Because the days and nights of joy, in lucky hours renew,

Arise O Orc from thy deep den,
First born of Enitharmon rise !
And we will crown thy head with garlands of the ruddy vine ;
For now thou art bound ;
And I may see thee in the hour of bliss, my eldest born.

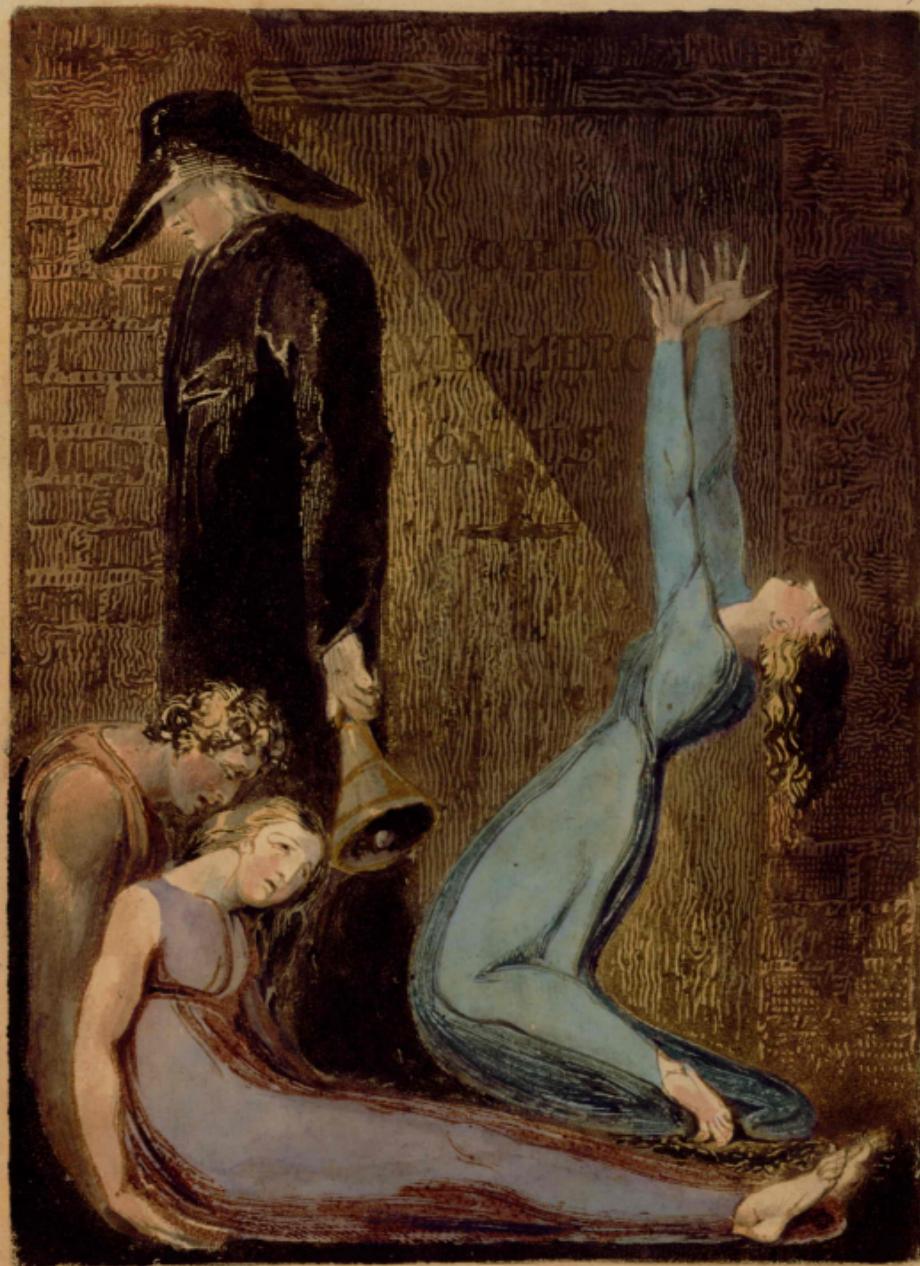
The Torrent Demon rose, surrounded with red stars of fire,
Whirling about in furious circles round the immortal beld.

Then Enitharmon down descended into his red light
And thus her voice rose to her children, the distant heavens reply.





Now comes the night of Entharnians joy
Who shall I call? Who shall I send?
That Woman, lovely Woman! may have dominion?
Aise O Runrah thee I call & Palamabron thee,
Go tell the human race that Womans love is Sin:
That an Eternal life awaits the worms of sixty winters
(In an allegorical abode where existence hath never come:
Forbid all Joy, & from her childhood shall the little female
Spread nets in every secret path.
My weary eyelids draw towards the evening, my blis is yet but new.





Arise O Rintrah eldest born; second to none but Orc.
O lion Rintrah raise thy fury from thy forests black:
Bring Palamubron horned priest, skipping upon the mountains;
And silent Elynitrea the silver bowed queen:
Rintrah where hast thou hid thy bride?
Weeps she in desert shades?
Alas my Rintrah! bring the lovely jealous Ocalytron.

Arise my son! bring all thy brethren O thou king of fire.
Prince of the sun I see thee with thy unnumberable race:
Thick as the summer stars:
But each ramping his golden mane shakes.
And thine eyes rejoice because of strength O Rintrah furious king.





Enitharmon slept.
Eighteen hundred years : Man was a Dream!
The night of Nature and their harps unstrung
She slept in middle of her nightly song.
Eighteen hundred years, a female dream!

Shadows of men in fleeting bands upon the winds :
Divide the heavens of Europe:
Tell Albion's Angel smitten with his own plagues fled with his bands
The cloud bears hard on Albion's shore :
Filled with immortal demons of fury:
In council gather the smitten Angels of Albion
The cloud bears hard upon the council house; down rushing
On the heads of Albion's Angels.

One hour they lay buried beneath the ruins of that hall;
But as the stars rise from the salt lake they arise in pain,
In troubled mists overclouded by the terrors of strugling times.

Following

In thoughts perturbed they rose from the bright ruins silent
Tis fiery King, who sought his ancient temple serpent-formed
That stretches out its shady length along the Island white.
Round him roll'd his clouds of war; silent the flagg'd went,
Along the infinite shores of Thames to golden Verulam.

There stand the venerable torches that high-towering rear
Their oak-surrounded pillars, form'd of many stones, uncut
With tool; stones precious; such eternal in the heavens.
Of colours twelve, few known on earth, give light in the opaque.
Plac'd in the order of the stars, when the five senses whelmd
In deluge o'er the earth-born man; then turn'd the fuscous eyes
Into two stationary orbs, concentrating all things.
The ever-varying spiral ascents to the heavens of heavens
Were bended downward; and the nostrils golden gates shut
Turn'd outward, bar'd and petrify'd against the infinite.

Thought chang'd the infinite to a serpent; that which pitieth:
To a devouring flame; and man fled from its face and hid
In forests of night; then all the eternal forests were divided
Into earths rolling in circles of space, that like an ocean
rush'd
And overwhelmed all except this finite wall of flesh.
Then was the serpent temple form'd, image of infinite
Shut up in finite revolutions, and man became an abject;
Heaven a mighty circle turning; God a tyrant crownd.

Now arrivid the ancient Guardian at the southern porch,
That planted thick with trees of blackest leaf, & in a vale
Obscure, inclos'd the Stone of Night; oblique it stood, overhung
With purple flowers and berries red; image of that sweet south,
Once open to the heavens and elevated on the human neck
Now overgrown with hair and coverd with a stony roof. Feet
Downward tis sunk beneath th' attractive north, that round the
A raging whirlpool draws the dizzy enquirer to his grave.



13.
Albuins Angel rose upon the Stone of Night;
He saw Urizen on the Atlantic;
And his brazen Book,
That Kings & Priests had copied on Earth
Expanded from North to South.

And the clouds & fires pale roll'd round in the night of Entharmon
Round Albion's cliffs & London's walls; still Entharmon slept;
Rolling volumes of grey must involve Churches, Palaces, Towers;
For Uzzen undasped his Book, feeding his soul with pity
The youth of England hid in gloom curse the paint heavens; compell'd
Into the deadly night to see the form of Albion's Angel.
Their parents brought them forth & aged ignorance preaches canting.
On a vast rock perceiv'd by those senses that are clos'd from thought:
Bleak, dark, abrupt it stands & overshadows London city
They saw his bony feet on the rock, the flesh consum'd in flames;
They saw the Serpent temple lifted above shadowing the Island white:
They heard, the voice of Albion's Angel howling at flames of Orc.
Seeking the trump of the last doom

Above the rest the howl was heard from Westminster louder & louder:
The Guardian of the secret odes forsook his ancient mansion
Driven out by the flames of Orc; his harr'd robes & false locks
Adhered and grew one with his flesh and nerves & wins shot thro' them
With dismal twang sick hangings upon the wind he fled.
Groveling along Great George Street thro' the Park gate; all the soldiers
Fled from his sight he dragg'd his terrors to the mithernals.

Thus was the howl thro' Europe
For Orc rejoic'd to hear the howling shadows
But Palanabron shot his lightnings trenching down his wide back
And Rictarh hung with all his legions in the nether deep.

Entharmon laugh'd in her sleep to see (O woman's triumph)
Every house a den, every man bound; the shadows are fill'd
With spectres and the windows were over with curses of iron;
Over the doors Thou shalt not; & over the chimneys Fear is written
With bands of iron round their necks fastend into the walls
The citizens: in leader byrest the inhabitants of suburbs
Walk heavy: stult and bent are the bones of villagers.

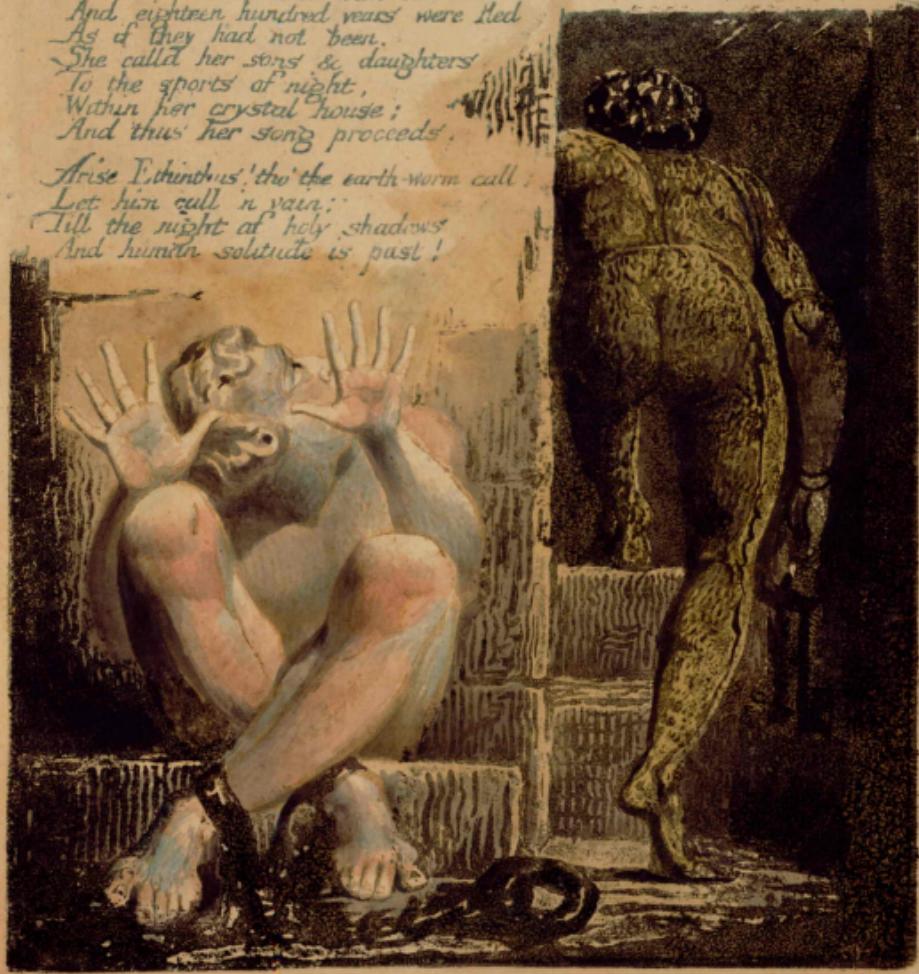
Between the clouds of Uzzen the flames of Orc roll heavy
Around the labyrinths of Albion's Guardian his flesh consuming.
Howlings & hissyngs, shrieks & groans, & voices of despair
Arise around him in the cloudy
Heavens of Albion. Furious

The red-limbed Angel seized in horror and torment;
 The Trump of the last doom; but he could not blow the iron tube!
 Three he assay'd presumptuous to awak the dead to judgment.

A mighty Spirit leaped from the land of Albion,
 Mam'zelle Newton; he seized the Trump, & blew the enormous blast!
 Yellow as leaves of Autumn the myriads of Angelic hosts
 Fell thro' the wintry skies seeking their graves;
 Rattling their hollow bones in howling and lamentation.

Then Eutharinon woke nor knew that she had slept
 And eighteen hundred years were fled
 As if they had not been.
 She called her sons & daughters
 To the sports of night,
 Within her crystal house;
 And thus her song proceeds.

Arise Ethindus, tho' the earth-worm call;
 Let him call in vain;
 Till the night of holy shadows
 And human solitude is past!



Ethinthus queen of waters, how thou shinest in the sky;
My daughter how do I rejoice! for thy children flock around
Like the gay fishes on the wave, when the cold moon drinks the den.
Ethinthus! thou art sweet as comforts to my fainting soul:
For now thy waters warble round the feet of Entharmon.

Manathu Vorzon, I behold thee flaming in my halls,
Light of thy mothers soul! I see thy lovely eagles round:
Thy golden wings are my delight, & thy flames of soft delusion.

Where is my luring bird of Eden! Leutha silent love!
Leutha, the many colour'd bows delights upon thy wings:
Soft soul of flowers Leutha!
Sweet smiling pestilence! I see thy blushing light:
Thy daughters many changing.
Revolve like sweet perfumes ascending O Leutha silken queen!

Where is the youthful Antamon, prince of the pearly dew?
O Antamon, why wilt thou leave thy mother Entharmon?
Alone I see thee crystal form,
Flitting upon the basined air:
With uneasiness of gratified desire.
My Antamon the seven churches of Leutha seek thy love.

I hear the soft Oothoon in Entharmons tents:
Why wilt thou give up womans secrecy my melancholy child?
Between two moments bliss is ripe:
O Theotarman robbid of joy, I see thy salt tears flow
Down the steps of my crystal house.

Setha & Thuralatha, secret dwellers of dreamful caves,
Arise and please the horrent fiend with your melodious songs.
Still all your thunders golden headil, & bird your horses black.
Orc smile upon my children!
Smile son of my afflictions.

Arise O Orc and give our mountains joy of thy red light.
She ceasid, for All were forth at sport beneath the solemn moon
Walking the stairs of Uryen with their immortal songs.
That nature felt thro' all her pores the enormous revelry
Till morning oped the eastern gate.
Then every one fled to his station, & Entharmon wept.

But terrible Orc, when he beheld the morning in the east,

Shot from the heights of Enitharmon:
 And in the vineyards of red France appear'd the light of his fury.
 The sun glow'd fiery red,
 The furious terrors flew around,
 On golden chariots razing with red wheels dropping with blood:
 The Lions lash their wrathful tails,
 The Tigers couch upon the prey &c. suck the ruddy tide:
 And Enitharmon groans & cries in anguish and dismay
 Then Los arose his head he rear'd in snaky thunders clad:
 And with a cry that shook all nature to the utmost pte.
 Call'd all his sons to the strife of blood.

FINIS

